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# The TATLER

Vol. CLXXII. No. 2232

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# BYSTANDER

London  
April 5, 1944



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*Marcus Adams*

## Lady Scott and Her Family

Lady Scott is the wife of Sir Douglas Winchester Scott, Bt., at present serving with the Middle East Forces. Her husband's father was the late Admiral Sir Percy Scott, the famous naval gunnery expert, in charge of London's gunnery defences during the last war. His elder brother, a midshipman in the Royal Navy, was killed in action at the battle of Horn Reef in 1916. The Scotts were married in 1933, and have three children, seen here with their mother. Diana Jean is nine, Anthony Percy is nearly seven, and Alistair John will be four this year. Lady Scott was Miss Elizabeth Joyce Glanley Grant, second daughter of Mrs. Grant and stepdaughter of Mr. Wallis Neil Grant



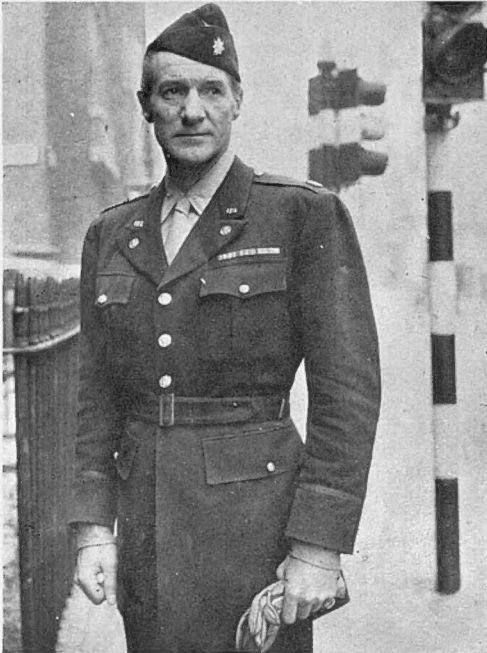


# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Confidence

THE Prime Minister is a pugnacious person and therefore it was natural for him to demand a vote of confidence after the Government had been defeated on one of the clauses of the Education Bill. But many of his warmest admirers have been unable to understand his refusal to differentiate between matters of high policy and domestic issues. Mr. Churchill says that he must have the support of the House of Commons on all issues or not at all. This is a sweeping demand, but then democracy is fighting a total war and probably Mr. Churchill justifies his insistence on this fact.



## Liaison Officer

*Lt.-Col. Anthony Drexel Biddle, former U.S. Ambassador to the Allied Governments in London, recently resigned in order to accept an Army commission. He is serving on Gen. Eisenhower's staff as liaison officer with the exiled Governments*

At the same time, it was obvious from his attitude in the House of Commons, when announcing that he would ask for a vote of confidence, that he wished to discipline some of the younger and more immediate of his supporters. Conservatives like Mr. Quintin Hogg and Viscount Hinchinbroke—both of whom having been trying to force the pace against the Government—were placed, by their own action of course, in an unenviable position. They had to disown the principles on which they voted against the Government, or deny the leadership of Mr. Churchill.

## Equality

THE issue on which the Government was defeated was equal pay for women teachers with their men colleagues, providing they are qualified by training and ability. The Government has had a lot of trouble about this equality demand in other respects, but on the question of salaries there at once arose the

vista of pay equality having to be extended to all women in all walks of life. This was something which no Government could allow to pass without the gravest consideration. To have admitted the principle in the Education Bill would have opened the way to innumerable problems.

Whether he sympathized with the rebels or not, Mr. R. A. Butler was compelled to resist their demands. At the same time he saw the danger to the Education Reforms Bill on which he has lavished so much conscientious concentration. Mr. Butler did not hide his annoyance with the members of his own party who were not only putting his Bill in jeopardy but himself personally and the National Government as well. Immediately after the division Mr. Butler declared that he would resign from the Government after such a rebuff. This threat, as well as the blow they had administered to Mr. Churchill's war-winning administration, quickly sobered the Conservative rebels and gave members of the Labour Party much cause for deep thought.

## Certainty

MR. CHURCHILL was always certain to receive an overwhelming vote of confidence. The number of Members of the House of Commons who would deny the achievements of his war leadership can be counted on the fingers of two hands. But the defeat was the first his Government had suffered, and it would be wrong to imagine that there will not be repercussions sooner or later. The whole question of the unity of parties under Mr. Churchill's leadership is at once raised. Twice recently the Labour Party in the House of Commons has reached an official decision to vote against the Government. Yet the Labour Party is an essential support of the Government. Mr. Clement Attlee has been unable to assert

his leadership, and it seems that Mr. Churchill may yet face the same prospect unless the young Conservatives who have been following Mr. Quintin Hogg and Viscount Hinchinbroke mend their ways.

## Imminent

THE defeat of a Government on the Committee stage of a Bill is not a grave matter ordinarily. Were it not for the economic consequences of granting equality of pay to women this latest instance would not be very vital. But the defeat occurred at a moment when the Government was concentrating on the final plans for the attack on Hitler's Fortress. This does not mean that even were the Government to be thrown out of office what is called the Second Front would necessarily be postponed. The plans for overthrowing Hitler are ready and the leaders are in position. But a change of Government at this time would be a disturbing factor, to say the least.

This is what Mr. Churchill must have meant when he demanded to be reassured that on the major issue of the nation-at-war the Government had the support of the majority of the House of Commons. Not only is this country concerned in the stability of the Government. The governments of the United States and Soviet Russia also want to be assured of this, and to feel certain that there is a stable administration in London.

## Comparison

IN his Sunday broadcast Mr. Churchill appeared to draw an envious comparison between his position and the power entrusted to Marshal Stalin. Marshal Stalin's authority enabled him to control the movements of armies of millions of men over a 2,000-mile front, but above all to impart a unity and concert to the war which had been good for Soviet Russia and for all her Allies. The envy inherent in these words—if envy it be—was not that Mr. Churchill wanted the powers of a dictator, but wished to be able to do as much and to achieve results as great as Marshal Stalin. But Britain is governed by democratic principles and these have been ordered and contrived to fit all the circumstances and dangers and threats of total war in a way which none can deny have been most successful. The necessity we face now is that democracy



## C.O. Airborne Troops in Burma

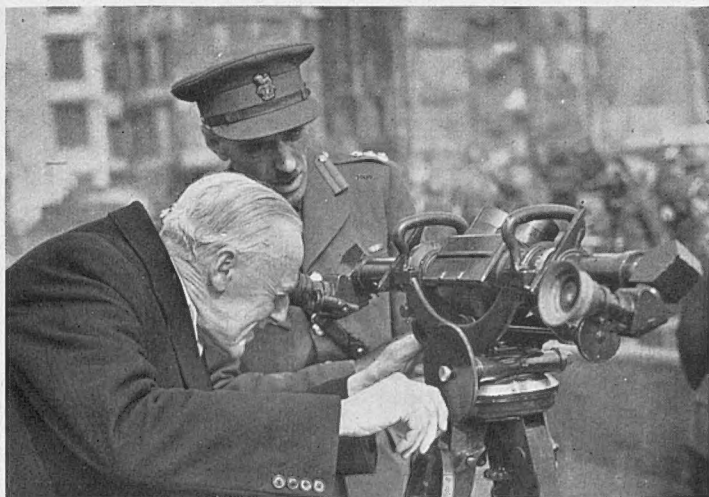
*Maj.-Gen. O. C. Wingate, famous for his exploits as leader of the "Chindits," or jungle commandos, who penetrated 1,000 miles into Japanese positions last year, now commands airborne troops in Burma*



## Commanding an Indian Division

*Maj.-Gen. H. R. Briggs, D.S.O. and bar, is in command of the 5th Indian Division operating in the Arakan. On this front Allied forces have joined up and are overcoming stiff resistance from the enemy*





### The Lord Mayor Uses a Range-finder

Sir Frank Newson-Smith, Lord Mayor of London, had the intricacies of a range-finder explained to him by Brig. Holmes-Tarn, commander of an A.A. brigade, at a demonstration for London's "Salute the Soldier" campaign



### Lunching at the Mansion House

Gen. Sir Bernard Montgomery, seen here with Viscount Bridgeman, was one of the principal speakers at a Mansion House luncheon given by the Lord Mayor to inaugurate London's "Salute the Soldier" week. Lord Bridgeman is Director-General of the Home Guard

should be maintained in all its freedom.

### Dilemma

GERMANY has lost all the power of democratic achievement under Hitler, if she ever possessed it, and is now crouching in a state approaching abjection under the blows of the Allied forces. Had democracy ever had any force in Germany one would have imagined that the vision of the terrible punishment which she is now receiving and will yet receive would have produced a man to defy the evil power of Hitler. But the Germans surrendered the rights of man long ago and there seems to be no hope for them. Hitler is in a dilemma which it is difficult to see how he can solve. The air offensive against Germany is mounting to a degree of intensity without equal in any form of war at any time. In Washington it is declared on the evidence of experts that the Luftwaffe must either resist the attackers and suffer irreparable losses in aeroplanes or decline to fight and leave Germany and her war machine virtually exposed to Allied air power. This is the softening process which the Prime Minister has promised us more than once.

### Prophecy

MR. ANTHONY EDEN has declared that this is the year of decision and the time of liberation for Europe. In asserting this opinion Mr. Eden was, of course, underlining what the Prime Minister had indicated in his broadcast. Mr. Churchill makes his prophecies with adequate provisos against the unexpected happening and it is in this light that we must regard his reference to the length of the war against Japan. He said that the war in the Far East might end much quicker than he himself would have imagined a year ago. There is noticeable among experts greater optimism about the ability of the Allies to rout the Japanese than there has been for a long time. The United States Navy has done remarkable work in Pacific waters and soon the full force of air power will be felt in Japan.

### Genius

GREAT secrecy was observed regarding the leader of the new invasion exploits in Burma. The reason for this is obvious. The Japanese have learned something of the character of

Major-General Orde Charles Wingate and had they known that he was about to appear amongst them they would have expected something unusual. As it happened they got the unusual. Major-General Wingate flew his invading force into the very rear of the Japanese lines in Burma and caused great consternation. Not only were these methods unusual but so were Major-General Wingate's comments on the first stages of his achievement. To newspaper correspondents this officer of unique character said that after his plan had been outlined to the Prime Minister and President Roosevelt at Quebec, he had had to fight many an internal battle in India before he could start fighting the Japs. His idea was to exploit wireless communications and aeroplanes and to appear at points simultaneously where the Japanese least expected them. At first those responsible for agreeing to the plans in India doubted their feasibility and more than once he was warned that his scheme might be called off. But now Major-General Wingate has called attention to the conservatism of the Army in India which I should imagine will produce many protests from his superiors.



### Marauder Group Commander

Lt.-Col. Wilson R. Wood commands a Marauder group operating with the 9th U.S. Army Air Force. One of the first to fly in medium-level attacks on the Continent from Britain, this group recently completed its 100th raid



### Visiting a Fighting French Squadron

Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham talked with Gen. Valin (right) and another French air officer, after the presentation of decorations to members of a famous French squadron. Sir Arthur Coningham, who is a New Zealander, is A.O.C. No. 2 Tactical Air Force



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# The Theatre

*A Murder For A Valentine at the Lyric*

By Horace Horsnell

IN going the whole hog regardless of consequences, woman (on the stage at any rate) leaves man a very poor starter. When cold-blooded murder invites deliberate commission, the female of the species is more deadly than the male. It was so, you remember, with the Macbeths at Glamis. And so it is with Olivia and Delia at the Comedy and Lyric Theatres respectively, where those good actresses, Miss Sonia Dresdel and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, may be said to compete for the title of the coolest killer of the theatrical season.

Not that their motives or methods have much in common, except a corrosive resolve to avenge the grievance each has long nursed against her lot as a woman. For whereas Olivia (at the Comedy) whose case we considered here last week, and whom Miss Dresdel animates with such lethal virtuosity, is dynamic and a modern, Delia (at the Lyric) whom Miss Nesbitt invests with such icy distinction, is a throw-back to the 1870's and, while more Bron- tean than Freudian, is no less keen on the kill.

To Delia, an expedient murder is no more to be boggled at than, say, the discharge of an obstreperous cook. Her motto reflects Mrs. Battle's: a clean hearth and the rigour of the game. Unlike Olivia, however, who goes to work single-handed, she saddles herself with an accomplice, a man subject to qualms and ulterior motives, who eventually. . . . But we must not anticipate.

Her motives for wishing to remove Veronica, her sweet

Lothario, had come into Delia's life without, however, making an honest woman of her; and now that funds were running short, he looked like passing out of her life again. Hence Delia's concern and poor Veronica's jeopardy. For Mr. Motford, who was both susceptible and mercenary, made a double pass at Veronica and her money which Delia overheard. And since listeners notoriously hear no good of themselves, the plan to delete the young heiress and stet her fortune became urgent. To Delia it seemed money for nothing, or nothing that she, with Mr. Motford's assistance, was not eager to pay.

Thus far, the plan, though grim, was made theatrically acceptable by its daring and the decorative accessories of the seventies. Delia herself, calm as the Sphinx, was a most ladylike figure in her bonnet and sable trappings. Her strength lay in getting Mr. Motford to the sticking point and keeping him there, without herself turning a hair, batting an eyelid, or ruffling a founce. The lethal accessories conveniently included a swiftly-flowing torrent just below the drawing-room windows, and that virginal chamber of horrors, Delia's bridal



*The scene in the Central Criminal Court, Old Bailey, is based on an actual trial (Ronald Miller, Norman Hoult, Sidney Monckton)*

Here the crushing machinery of the law is assembled; exalted judge and contending K.C.s, exchanging rhetorical salvos and ripostes over the fate of the accused, writhing and impulsively protesting in the dock. But the legal argument baffles, and the drama disappoints because the prisoner enters it only by interruption, and his accomplice, the dreadful



*Left: The old family servant is played by Eithel Coleridge*



*The nervous lover, Ernest Motford (Malcolm Keen), is arrested for complicity by detective Carfax (Julien Mitchell)*



*The skeleton in the cupboard is released by her murderously minded aunt (Anne Allan, Cathleen Nesbitt)*

young niece, from this world to the next, were mixed. Years before, when Delia was young, happy, and about to be married to a perfect Adonis, her bottom drawer stocked, her bridal chamber furnished, her betrothed jilted her and married her sister, who became Veronica's mother. And when the sister died, Delia adopted Veronica, who was a considerable heiress, and brought her up as her own.

Meanwhile, Mr. Motford, a glib and greedy

chamber, which, ever since her jilting, had waited intact behind its sliding panel for just such an emergency as this.

IT used to be held that no play which staged a full-dress murder trial could fail, and many an implausible thriller has been acquitted by virtue of such support. Mr. Vernon Sylvaire, author of this penal puzzle, would seem to have banked on this. His middle and main act is set in the Old Bailey, 1875, where Mr. Motford is on trial for the murder of Veronica whom we last saw being haled by her Aunt Delia backwards into the afore-mentioned chamber of horrors.

Delia, not at all. Moreover, the sequel, which does snatch a happy ending for Veronica, and a most unhappy one for Delia and Mr. Motford, from the ruins of the plot, is such palpable spoof that we wake from it as from a dream that has degenerated from the transpontine to the surrealistic.

Miss Nesbitt and Mr. Malcolm Keen deserve a more coherent, more cunningly contrived farrago for the exercise of their histrionic villainy, and medals for their gallant handling of this one. Miss Nesbitt lavishes her tragic distinction on Delia's looks and speech, and Mr. Keen his mercurial vigour on the period perfidy of Mr. Motford.

*Sketches by Tom Titt*

TOM TITT





Bert Wilson

First Night To-night : “ The Lilac Domino ”

*The Lilac Domino* is being revived in London by Mr. Jack Hylton at His Majesty's Theatre to-night, with Pat Taylor in the role of Georgine. It was in this part in the original production at the Empire in February 1918 that Clara Butterworth first made her name, and for a long time Pat Taylor has been studying assiduously in order that she may prove a worthy successor to that world-wide known singer. Playing opposite Pat, as he did in *Fine and Dandy* some time ago, is Graham Payn, and with her in the cast also are Richard Dolman, Elizabeth French and Leo Franklyn. The operetta, which has been brought up to date, is produced by Maxwell Wray, with decor by Ernest Stern and costumes by Elizabeth Fanshaw. The music is Charles Cuvillier's



# On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country



## At Buckingham Palace

Col. John Walford went to a recent Investiture at Buckingham Palace with his wife and his father, to receive the D.S.O. from the King. He lives at Hilliers, Bucklebury, Reading

## Princess Elizabeth with the Army

PRINCESS ELIZABETH acquitted herself remarkably well on her first full-scale military tour with the King and Queen, when H.R.H. had an opportunity of seeing many of the troops busy at their preparations for the approaching Second Front, and of inspecting some of our latest, and still secret, weapons. The Princess showed a considerable knowledge of military matters by the keen questions she asked, and is quite familiar with the various formations and unit organisation of the British Army, undoubtedly a result of the frequent long talks she has on these subjects with the King, who has always been keen that his daughter should have the same wide and accurate knowledge as he has himself of the forces of which she will one day be the head.

The Princess's light-blue coat was cut with wide, curved lapels and a narrow half-belt at the back. On it she wore her favourite ornament, the diamond brooch in the shape of the regimental badge and cipher given her by officers of the Grenadier Guards when she was appointed Colonel of the Regiment by the King on her birthday two years ago.

A great number of tours, both military and civil, are planned for Princess Elizabeth in the course of the next twelve months, some of which she will probably carry out on her own, as part of her training as Heiress Presumptive. As everyone who has met her knows, she has an engaging manner, with a certain charming shyness, blended with a friendly ease of approach that is strongly reminiscent of her mother.

## Old Friends

OFTEN in the course of their travels around the country Their Majesties come upon old friends, pursuing new and strenuous wartime jobs, and in their latest visit to Army units they had several more happy instances of this kind.

When a party of officers and men of the Guards had hurled themselves recklessly down a "scrambling wall," rehearsing yet again the looked-for day when they will climb down the side of an invasion ship landing on Hitler's fortress shores, one officer detached himself from the rest and "doubled" over to where the King and Queen stood watching. He was Major the Hon. Michael Adeane, grandson of Lord Stamfordham, the famous Private Secretary to King George V., and himself Assistant Private Secretary at Buckingham Palace until, at the outbreak of war, he asked His Majesty's permission to rejoin his regiment. The King and Queen had a long talk to "Mike" about his experiences as a regimental officer, a life which Major Adeane seems to pursue with the greatest zest.

A little later on the same tour, Their Majesties found Lt.-Col. "Dick" Streatfeild, of the Gunners, waiting to receive them. Tall Col. Streatfeild—he is 6 ft. 4 in.—was Private Secretary to Her Majesty until, like Major Adeane, he rejoined the Army at the outbreak of hostilities. He, too, had a long talk with the King and Queen.

Another familiar figure whom the King encountered on another of his most recent tours was the Duke of Portland, affectionately, if irreverently, known still as "Tich," his nickname as Marquis of Titchfield. The Duke, who is Lord Lieutenant of Nottinghamshire, met His Majesty informally in the grounds of Thoresby Park, the lovely estate of Earl Manvers, near Ollerton. Lord Manvers, who spends most of his time away from London these days, was with the Duke when they met the King, and the three stayed talking together for some time.

## Two Tall Dukes

THE Duke of Marlborough can surely claim to be our tallest duke? I saw him recently, a strikingly handsome figure in uniform, walking through Berkeley Square, and hear that he and the Duchess have been inundated with congratulations on the birth of their first grandchild, a girl, who was born to their eldest daughter, Sarah, the wife of Lieut. E. F. Russell, of the American Navy, at the Duke's lovely home, Blenheim Palace, in Oxfordshire.

Another tall Duke is His Grace the Duke of



Johnson, Oxford

## Opening the Shop

The Duchess of Marlborough opened the permanent shop at Oxford in aid of the Duke of Gloucester's Fund for the Red Cross and St. John Organisation. She is President of the Red Cross and Vice-Chairman of the joint County Committee



Swaeb

## "Salute the Soldier" Premiere

Mr. John Knight and Viscountess Scarsdale attended the premiere of "Salute the Soldier," the military pageant presented at the Stoll Theatre in connection with the campaign



## A Double Award

Brigadier Edmund Myers, who comes from Plymouth, went to the Investiture at the Palace with his wife. He was awarded the D.S.O. and C.B.E. for services in the Middle East



## Visiting the Church Army H.Q.

Subaltern Mary Churchill, A.T.S., daughter of the Prime Minister, lunched with the Rev. H. H. Treacher, head of the Church Army, when she inspected the hostel adjoining the headquarters

Sutherland. I met him, as youthful-looking as ever, accompanied by the dark and petite Mrs. Vincent Dunkerley. She is one of the neatest women I have ever seen on a horse; she rides side-saddle, and when she hunted in the Bicester country was nick named "The Pocket Venus" for her neatness and beauty.

#### Not Pourri

DINING quietly à deux were Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Eden; also à deux were General and Mrs. Willoughby Norris. Althea Lady Manton, her auburn hair covered by a gaily coloured scarf and wearing a snowy white lamb coat, was a striking figure based on an island in Grosvenor Square, and obviously consulting a policeman on the best way of getting the ever more elusive taxi. Awaiting another kind of transport—this time a train—was Lord Tennyson, in uniform; seeing him reminded me of an occasion not so very long ago when I saw this jovial personality off on a much longer journey, a journey which took him to the West Indies with one of his cricket teams.



Compton Collier

#### An Admiral and His Family at Home in London

Rear-Adm. F. H. G. Dalrymple-Hamilton was photographed while on leave in London, with his wife and three children. Previously Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, he has been appointed to a sea-going command. Mrs. Dalrymple-Hamilton is a daughter of the late Sir Cuthbert Peek, Bt.



#### Christened in London

Julia Fitzgerald, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Fitzgerald, was christened by her grandfather at St. Peter's, Eaton Square. She is seen with her mother. Mr. Walter Fitzgerald is the well-known actor

In Bond Street I met Lady Leconfield, tall and slim and with a becoming touch of grey in her hair, walking with her attractive adopted daughter; in Grosvenor Square there was Mrs. Shuttleworth, in Red Cross uniform and down from Biggleswade, where she has turned her house into a hospital with 96 beds. Her daughter, Princess Croy, was with her, very smart in bright clematis purple, but insisting that her work at the hospital—which includes the cooking—is far from glamorous. Mrs. Obbard, the former Elizabeth Lady Knott (whose former husband was reputed to have left a fortune of well over £3,000,000), was in Lowndes Square. She is just out of hospital after an operation, and was walking with John, the faithful old Labrador, who, like herself, is a "refugee" from the Channel Islands.

#### In Town

LADY MELCHETT has been making one of her rare and all-too-short visits to London. She was just up for a night or two at her flat in Grosvenor Square, taking a few hours' leave

from her work as commandant of her convalescent home for nurses at her house in Bedfordshire. Hers is a whole-time job and very exacting, for the house is four miles from a station and transport problems extremely difficult. The London flat is a service one and serves as a pied-à-terre for Lord Melchett, who has a lot of important Government work to supervise. It is furnished with things rescued from their house in Smith Square, which has been blitzed not once, but three times. The Melchetts are very proud that their second son, Julian, who went into the Fleet Air Arm straight from Eton, has just got his wings. The elder son, Derek, is in the Navy, and latest photographs show him with a fine specimen of a beard, though he is not yet twenty-one.

#### Weddings in the Family

THERE have been two weddings in the Grenfell's family during the past few weeks. The first was that of Lord Grenfell's sister-in-law, the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Grenfell, who married Capt. Bryan Malyon, of the

(Concluded on page 21)



#### London After Dark: Two Dinner Parties

G/Capt. Patrick de Laszlo presided over this long table. His wife, the Hon. Mrs. de Laszlo, and S/Ldr. H. L. Seligman were on one side, and opposite them were F/O. F. Townson and W/Cdr. John de Laszlo



Swaeb

In another party of six, occupying a round table, were Major E. Murphy, Mrs. Denis Eccles, Mr. H. H. McVitty, Miss Camilla de Burgh, Mr. Denis Eccles and Miss Prue Stewart Richardson



# "Uncle Harry"

A Double Murder Thriller  
—with a Difference—  
at the Garrick Theatre



1. Harry: "You know, I wanted to marry you"  
Lucy (Rachel Kempson) visits the Quincey household to tell them of her engagement to George Waddy. Harry (Michael Redgrave) feels he has lost Lucy through the unpleasant behaviour of his two sisters



4. Lucy: "How lovely. What is it?"  
As Lucy leaves with her fiancé George (Ian Colin), Lettie gives her a present. Afterwards Harry finds the parcel contains Lucy's love-letters written to him in days gone past



2. Hester: "Three rubies"  
The ring which George Waddy has given Lucy arouses the jealous envy of the two Quincey sisters, Lettie (Beatrix Lehmann) and Hester (Ena Burrill)



3. Nona: "He wants to come in, he says; and say hello to the visitor"  
The Quinceys have an old dog known as "Weary Willie." Poor Willie has lived too long, and Lettie, with her too sensitive nose, finds him objectionable. (Michael Redgrave, Susan Richards, Beatrix Lehmann, Rachel Kempson, Ena Burrill)



5. Harry: "Stop it. . . . I'm sorry . . . please stop it"  
Life in the Quincey home is far from pleasant, owing to the constant quarrellings and trouble between the two sisters, both of them repressed and miserable. Between them they make Harry's life a hell



6. Hester: "What are you looking at me like that for?"  
 Harry: "Just taking a good look at you, Hester; you're such a big, live woman"

*Harry's plan to get rid of his two sisters begins to take shape*



7. Harry: "Lettie said this afternoon that one of them was good enough to look after me"  
*Harry's favourite relaxation is glee-singing at the local pub. There he carefully lets his sisters' bickerings be known amongst his cronies*

*Photographs by John Vickers*

● *Uncle Harry comes to London with a great American reputation. Written by British-born Thomas Job, it ran for a year on Broadway, with Joseph Schildkraut and Eva Le Gallienne in the principal parts, played over here by Michael Redgrave and Beatrix Lehmann. The play is written round the Quincey family, Hester, Lettie and Harry. The two sisters are jealous and repressed; they make their brother's life a misery and drive from the house Lucy, the one girl he wants to marry. Harry, outwardly a mild and inoffensive creature, is driven to madness; he makes Lettie unsuspectingly poison Hester and hang on the gallows for a crime she never intended to commit. When it is too late, Harry repents, but he has plotted so skilfully that when he attempts to save Lettie's life no one will believe him. *Uncle Harry* is directed by Michael Redgrave and William Armstrong. Rachel Kempson (Mrs. Michael Redgrave in private life) plays the part of Lucy*



8. Lucy: "Hello, Harry!"  
*Harry thinks that if he can get rid of his sisters, Lucy will break her engagement to George and marry him. It is with this in mind that he plans so cleverly the double murder*



9. Harry: "Don't spoil this for me"  
*Hester is dead, poisoned by Lettie's unsuspecting hand. Lettie is to pay the supreme penalty. She knows that Harry is the one responsible for her sister's death, and, hating him, realises she can make him suffer more by refusing to accept his confession of guilt*



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**R**AT Week and Sanitary Sunday and Potato Day and a dozen other feasts of obligation with octave established by the Government so far being not enough for some people, an Admiral M.P. has proposed an entirely new Kalendar, we observe, with 26 weekdays in every month and other pleasures and excitements.

It won't be adopted, of course. Like the French Revolutionary Calendar it is (a) impracticable and (b) a bore. The French endured Brumaire and Nivose and Germinal and all the rest of the fancy business about ten years, under pressure, and returned with relief to the normal international Kalendar of Christendom with Napoleon's rise to power. Our own feeling is that if the Island Race really wants to try walking out of step with everybody it should calendarise its national heroes, as some lewd scribbler has already suggested. Thus, circa 1950, one may hear such low snatches of talk in smart restaurants as:

"Babs was jugged by the secret police on the third Joadsday in Bevremer, wasn't she?"

"No, it was a Wooltsday. Serve her right for refusing to get her head shaved the first week in Herbuary."

"She never liked having those Civil Service marks billeted on her last Rat Week, poor darling."

"Damn it all, everybody else has to!"

"Yes, but not in Rat Week. Huxleytide was the official date for that."

Low snatches, because the police dictaphones are busy on the floor above.

## Handicap

**P**OLYGLOT grand opera is a useless luxury, says one of the leading music boys. So it may be some time before we see those serried diamond chest-protectors on a Wagner night at Covent Garden again.

This still does not solve one of polyglot opera's main problems, which is why Wagner makes leading tenors go bowlegged. Tenors are not born bandy. Their little legs are plump and pink at birth and reasonably straight; only their lungs are abnormal. When they go at length to a Conservatoire their professors heave a sigh and start them on something harmless like Donizetti or Auber. Then comes the day when the budding opera tenor yearns to tackle Lohengrin or Siegfried. It is then his professor's duty to say: "You know this will send you bowlegged in due course?" (just as the witch in Hans Andersen says to the little mermaid, "You know you will have to lose your lovely tail?"). The tenor then writes home, according to the Conservatoire rules, to ask if the family objects. Generally the family doesn't give a hoot whether his legs resemble a pair of



"Two more Sam—one with, one without"

callipers or a Japanese twin corkscrew. The Director then calls the tenor into his bureau and this brief conversation ensues:

"You are determined to sing Wagner?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Your family has formally accepted the consequences?"

"Yes, Sir."

(Here the Director writes a long time in a little book, sighing deeply. He then sits for some time with his hand over his eyes. Then he rouses and speaks again, with an effort.)

"You know what you look like, even now?"

"Yes, Sir."

"My God!"

The tenor then signs a legal paper relieving the Conservatoire of all liability, and half an hour later is gargling Lohengrin's farewell to his swan and excitedly noticing an almost imperceptible curve in his legs already, like the "entasis" of a stumpy Corinthian pillar. "Danke, mein lieber Schwann . . .!" Brr!

## System

**M**ENTIONING an eminent Fleet Street editor (now dead) who was noted for kindness to those beneath him, a gossip seemed to think it unique. It is rare, but not unique.

We know an editor of noted bonhomie who freed 18,000 serfs on his vast Surrey estates at one stroke to celebrate his 50th birthday, afterwards returning with his household officers to the Hall to "touch" 50 sufferers for King's Evil and dropsy. We know another editor who never has a serf flogged for some misdemeanour without kneeling afterwards, in the old Russian feudal manner, and humbly begging his forgiveness, with the ensuing triple kiss. On one occasion the erring serf, a tough old film-critic with a dark, evil face, bit his ear

(Concluded on page 14)



"Good heavens! its full of oranges"



*Major the Earl of Hardwicke, Mrs. Charles Younger and Major Sir Ian Stewart-Richardson*



*Mr. Alastair Forbes, Miss Anna Carcano, Princess Natasha Bragation and Mr. A. Cullen*

## Dining Out in London



*Major C. A. Cooper-Key and Mrs. J. L. Wardle*



*Miss Susan Winn, Capt. Henry Lee Munson, the Hon. Mrs. Edward Ward and Lt.-Col. Edwin Ambrose Stephenson*

*Photographs by Swaebe*



*Lt. Tom Pickett, Lt. R. W. Morrow, Lady Cynthia Tothill and Mrs. F. Crawford*



*Mr. Leslie Price, Mr. Gordon Claridge, Mrs. Leslie Price and Mrs. Gordon Claridge*



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

savagely while so doing. "Little ugly shark-spawn," said his kindly owner, "I must have done thee wrong indeed," and kissed him again, after a further flogging. On the other hand some great lords of Fleet Street are very cruel to their serfs and are sometimes murdered by them. The great rising or *jacquerie* of 1925, when Lord Howle of the *Daily Snoop* got what was coming to him, is still remembered.

Freed serfs in the industry are not uncommonly employed in minor positions of trust, and can be detected by their habit of automatically cringing when their lord goes by. Personally we pass it off laughingly by pretending we're just scratching our feet.

## Hussy

RICH and fruity and Rabelaisian, rolling a lewd and jolly eye, the late Margaret Yarde was perfect in those Jacobean and Restoration comedies in which opulent characters described on the programme as "Mother Midnight, a Bawd" or "Mrs. Joyner, a Match-maker" roll on and off the stage, causing great fun and laughter. Her wink alone was a poem by Rochester.

Genteel modern playwrights fight shy of characters like these, though they still flourish off the stage. Restoration playwrights couldn't get on without them, and even Molière, relatively a pattern of propriety, uses the Neapolitan ladies and gentlemen who specialised in matchmaking and other intrigue in his day. Naples apparently was the centre of the *intrigant* industry and exported smooth, subtle, suave, olive-skinned citizens skilled in leading angry parents or unwanted suitors up the garden. They'd be invaluable in Mayfair, right now.

When Margaret Yarde was drolling in the Old Comedy you saw Restoration England in all its lush and careless vigour and brutality, and you realised that whatever its failings were, hypocrisy wasn't among 'em. It made us hate the sight of a bowler hat for some time afterwards, always excepting James ("Boss") Agate's, which is Big Medicine and Strong Magic.

## Ruse

TURNING aside the other day from the birdies, our favourite Nature boy trippingly remarked that "few plants have been so neglected by the average gardener as the day lily." He did not describe the technique required to force the average (jobbing) gardener to grow this flower, or indeed any other flower you particularly want. We can best intimate how this is done by a simple practical example.

With his gnarled and earthy features twisted in a diabolical sneer, the average jobbing gardener is listening to his employer,

a tremulous maiden lady in grey silk, passionately fond of the day lily. She is saying breathlessly: "And I don't think, Grummitt, I want any of those dreadful day lilies. They make me quite ill. You know how I hate them." She then closes the door, closes her eyes, pauses a moment with one hand on a fluttering heart, and subsides into a chintz armchair. The sneer on the face of Grummitt has changed to a grin of malice. He stumps away at once behind the glass-houses. He is about to do three things:

- (1) To lay on his employer the Bitches' Curse;
- (2) To plant as many day lilies as the garden will hold, and to tend and mulch them with anxious care;
- (3) To leave off every other kind of work and devote himself entirely to the production of day lilies for the next month.

As the law stands, Barry Pain once remarked with faint surprise, it is forbidden to kill a jobbing gardener.

## Pub

BY putting Shephard's Hotel, Cairo, that world-famous dive, out of bounds to British and American troops for a fortnight because of its unsanitary kitchens, the military authorities have rocked the Alps to their foundations, we guess.

The Swiss management of Shephard's is probably sitting in the kitchens at this moment rocking to and fro and



"For the twentieth time of asking Mr. Ponsonby, kindly cut out that sneak-raider stuff and keep to your own side of the island"

casting dust and clinkers on its marcelled waves. "Reception" and "Enquiries" are exquisitely prostrate and maybe "Room Service" has already cut his throat. Not since the Swiss began running enormous luxury hotels, which was when William Tell was a boy, has there been such a blow to national honour, and Arnold Bennett, who so adored the glossy efficiency of the hotel racket, should be alive to witness this débacle. Ourselves, we feel it may humble the ritzy hotel boys everywhere and make them more human.

## Footnote

EARLY in this war a feeble attempt in this direction was made in the West End, unless the Fleet Street boys lie, by using sympathetic motherly girls of a certain age to answer enquiries in place of sleek robots or hard, brilliant members of the beauty chorus. We had high hopes then of homely intimate chats under the great glittering chandeliers.

"Have you a single room?"  
"Well, yes, dear, but I wouldn't take it, not if I was you. It'll cost you the earth and the service is awful."

"Well, what?"  
"Well, if I was you, dear, I'd pop round to Mrs. Biggs at No. 25, just round the corner, she'll give you a nice clean room for a quid and none of these here fal-lals and la-di-da, make you sick they do, and all these stuck-up things in fancy uniform hangin' round for tips and so forth."

"I see. Thanks awfully."  
"Don't mention it, dear, I'm sure."

We gather the scheme didn't last long. Maybe too many refined guests were gathered to motherly bosoms and wept on?

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



"Hello, Mater!"

## Brass Hats at the Admiralty



**Vice-Admiral Sir E. Neville Syfret, K.C.B.**

Vice-Admiral Sir Neville Syfret was appointed to the Board of Admiralty as Vice-Chief of Naval Staff just a year ago. He was previously in command of convoy operations in the Mediterranean during the summer of 1942, when supplies and reinforcements were taken to Malta, and three months earlier commanded the British naval forces covering the landing at Madagascar.



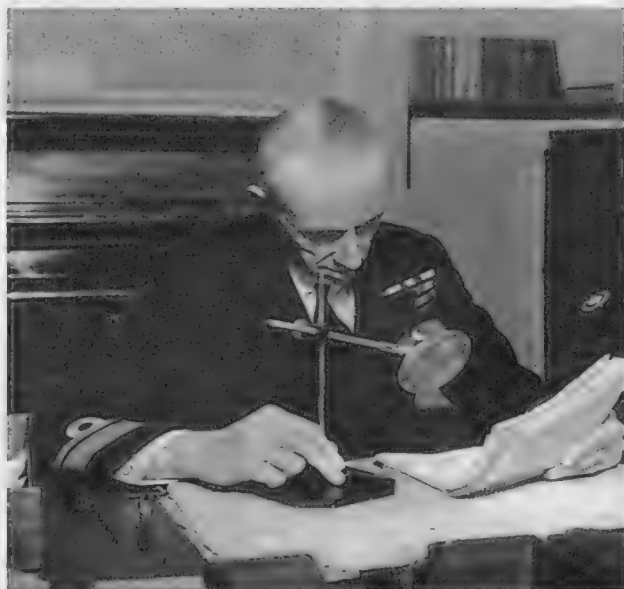
**Rear-Admiral C. H. J. Harcourt, C.B.E.**

Rear-Admiral Harcourt was appointed in February to succeed Rear-Admiral Dalrymple-Hamilton as Naval Secretary to the First Lord. He was previously at the Admiralty as Director of Operations Division, and from 1941 to 1942 he commanded H.M.S. Duke of York.



**Rear-Admiral Dalrymple-Hamilton, C.B., with His Secretary**

Rear-Admiral F. H. G. Dalrymple-Hamilton, until recently Naval Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, is now to assume a sea-going command. He is seen in his office at the Admiralty with his secretary, Pay/Cdr. R. T. Owen.



(Right) Commodore E. G. N. Rushbrooke became Director of Naval Intelligence last year, in succession to Vice-Admiral J. H. Godfrey. He uses a powerful magnifying-glass to study a document in his office at the Admiralty.

**Commodore E. G. N. Rushbrooke, C.B.E., D.S.C., R.N.**



**Admiral Sir C. Kennedy-Purvis, K.C.B., and His Secretary**

Admiral Sir Charles Kennedy-Purvis, whose appointment in 1942 as Deputy First Sea Lord revived a post unoccupied since 1919. He is responsible for the administrative side of the First Sea Lord's duties, and of superintending the work of the naval staff. With him here is his secretary, Pay/Capt. C. A. Maurice Jones.





1. Paris 1871. The city is besieged by the Germans. Before leaving for the front, Pierre Froment (Louis Jouvet) dictates a letter for his brother Jules in Marseilles, commending his family to his care



2. 1890. Bernard Froment (Lucien Nat), youngest son of the Froment who fell in the siege of Paris in 1871, poses for a wedding group with his sister Estelle (Suzy Prim), his Uncle Jules from Marseilles (Raimu), his bride (Renee Devillers), her father and little brother. Greatly daring, the wedding party is on bicycles



3. Uncle Jules (Raimu) has grown rich. On a visit to Paris he takes the young Bernard Froments (Lucien Nat and Renee Devillers) to the Moulin Rouge in the heyday of the Naughty 'N



7. 1927. Estelle (Suzy Prim) is an old woman. She has been decorated for her services nursing the wounded. Uncle Jules, his fortune lost in the slump, is now the concierge of his own former house sold to the new rich



8. Felix Froment (Louis Jouvet), son of Pierre, achieves fame as an Empire-builder when the bridge that he has built to bring peace and prosperity in a corner of France's African empire is named after him



4. Marie (Michele Morgan) tells her father, Bernard Froment, that unless she is allowed to marry Robert Leonard (Harry Krim), an artist, she will remain an old maid

● *The Heart of a Nation* was completed in Paris three days before the Nazis walked in. The Germans made every attempt to destroy it. However, they reckoned without the tenacity of producer Paul Graetz and director Julien Duvivier. A part of one lavender print of the film, after many adventures already told in an earlier issue of *The Tatler*, was smuggled out of France and finally reached Hollywood; there Paul Graetz and Julien Duvivier set to work to remake the film. It is in French, but English titles have been added, and the film is introduced and narrated in English by Charles Boyer. Fortunately, the original stars of the film are now in America, and were able once more to play their original parts. They include Michele Morgan, Raimu, Louis Jouvet and Suzy Prim. The film is at the Academy Cinema.



5. 1914. The Froments enjoy the last days of peace. Shortly afterwards Jules's twenty-year-old nephew, Alain (Jean Mercanton), is killed flying in the Battle of the Marne

6. Left: Marie has become a fashionable dress designer. She and her husband, the artist Robert, who has lost an arm in the war, have a Paris salon



9. 1938. Christian (Pierre Jordan), grandson of Pierre, obtains his doctor's degree. With his sweetheart Nicole (Anita Gombault) and fellow-students, he celebrates his success, his ears dead to the voice that speaks from Munich



10. 1940. Once again the Germans are in Paris. Once again her people queue for bread. And once again in churches all over the city the people pray for victory and for peace





## Marshal of the R.A.F. Sir Charles Portal, G.C.B., D.S.O., M.C.

Sir Charles Portal, Chief of the Air Staff since 1940, is the only Marshal of the R.A.F. holding an active appointment. His previous jobs have included those of Director of Organisation at the Air Ministry, Air Member for Personnel on the Air Council, and Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief Bomber Command. Sir Charles belongs to an ancient Huguenot family which came to England from France in 1695. He was educated at Winchester and Christ Church, Oxford, and joined the Royal Engineers as a despatch rider during the last war. Commissioned in 1915, he became an observer in the R.F.C., and while serving in this capacity one of his exploits was to hit the machine of the famous German air ace, Immelmann, with a Winchester automatic rifle. An excellent sportsman, Sir Charles is a first-class shot and a distinguished cricketer. He played in the Winchester XI, and as a demon left-hand bowler established a school record by taking 104 wickets in one season. He is one of the greatest experts in the country on falconry, on which subject he started to write articles for the *Field* at the age of sixteen.

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

## For the Cautious

**B**ACKING your fancy, as it is called, is a pastime ineradicable from the British race, and it is a harmless enough vice so long as it does not develop into plunging or putting your shirt on. It is always desirable in either case to make as reasonably sure as is possible that you have not lost your wagger before the gate goes up; what may happen during the actual battle—bad judgment on the part of the coachman, wrong pace, getting shut in, carried out wide, and so forth and so on—is just the chance of war. The precautions that are possible to take, and which are as often disregarded, are finding out whether your "fancy" is right in two vital particulars, wind and limb. I suggest that if we have a Derby this year, the former should engage the cautious speculator's particular attention. No names no pack-drill is a well-worn Army aphorism. Personally, I will go no farther than to say that there is something that may run, and that "Mr. Brown of London Town" might back, that is inclined to make a noise—that is to say, that has something the matter with its breathing apparatus—which may not find it out over a short dart like the Guineas, but is fairly certain to stop it over the longer journey of the Derby.

## Roaring

**A** HORSE that "roars" is not necessarily broken-winded—that is, wrong in his lungs, for which latter there is no cure—but unless he is subjected to operational treatment it will be found that the physical obstruction to his breathing will stop him and make him worth about sixpennyworth of coppers for racing purposes, or for any other purposes demanding a sustained effort. Such an operation has become a commonplace for many years, and numerous English vets have performed it with success; one vet, in fact, became so enamoured of it in preference to tubing (tracheotomy), that he called the operation by his own name. This he had no right whatever to do, for it was first discovered and performed by two German veterinary surgeons, named Gunther, of Hanover, as far back as 1845. The Gunthers found that the principal cause of "roaring"—that is to

say, lack of the necessary freedom in breathing—was paralysis of the muscles which separate the vocal cords, and thus bring the arytenoid cartilages into close contact with the thyroid cartilages—in simple words, causing a traffic jam. So the Gunthers proceeded to experiment. First they tried removing the offending cartilage with or without the vocal cord. This they decided was a bit too drastic, and, finally, they arrived at the operation, which, as has been just said, was copied over here, one of our earliest successful operators having been the late Mr. John Coleman, M.R.C.V.S. What the Gunthers finally did to clear the wind passage was to bring about a firm adhesion between the inner surface of the thyroid and the outer surface of the arytenoid cartilage by stripping off the mucous membrane covering the laryngeal sac, or lateral ventricle of the larynx, but leaving the vocal cord intact. Before this they had tried fixing the arytenoid close up to the wall of the larynx with catgut or wire, but their third operation was the one that succeeded best, as it seems hardly necessary to say. At one time any horse that "made a noise" was ticketed gone in the wind, whereas all that he needed was the aid of an expert traffic policeman. "No foot, no horse" is a very true saying; but "no breath, no win" is equally true.

## Bruce-Lowe Figures

**T**HESE have to do with a system of grading the merits of thoroughbred horses which was worked out a many years ago by the diligent gentleman whose name it bears, and, roughly speaking, consisted in dividing them up into a series of Families, as he called them, and then basing merit upon the classic achievements of the various female members. It has been well and truly said that figures can be made to prove anything, and it has also been quite frequently added that, in spite of this, they very often prove nothing at all! The fiery Tybalt, we must remember, "fought by the Book of Arithmetic," but was, nevertheless, deftly spitted by the more or less inexperienced Romeo, though he was one too many for the better-trained swordsman Mercutio! So it would not do to be too didactic, for there is



Bertram Park

**S/Ldr. Philippe Livry**, gallant French soldier and airman, joined the French Army in 1915 at the age of seventeen, was twice decorated for outstanding courage, and three times mentioned in despatches. After twenty years as a busy industrialist, he rejoined his regiment in 1939, winning the Croix de Guerre with one star and five palms. In 1940 he escaped to England, volunteered in the R.A.F., and has been constantly on operational duties in Coastal, Bomber and Tactical Commands, being awarded the D.F.C. and Bar

always the inescapable element of chance. By and large, Bruce-Lowe's system has worked out pretty well, and, anyway, I hope that, before I have said my little piece, may give the many browned-off lads, who take such a keen and highly expert interest in one of Great Britain's most lucrative industries, something to play with when not busy killing Sauhunde.

## This Year's Stars

**M**R. ADAIR DIGHTON, "The Special Commissioner" of *The Sporting Life*, has once more laid us all under a debt of gratitude by working out the figures of most of the leading characters engaged in this year's classics, which, let us hope, nothing will prevent, for there is no better recipe for good work than a spot or two of good play; but, at the same time, I think that it will be a mistake to indulge

(Continued on page 20)



The President of the Royal Academy and His Wife in Somerset

Mrs. A. J. Munnings, whose husband was recently elected President of the Royal Academy, takes her two Pekes for a ride. Mr. Munnings comes from Suffolk, but he and his wife have a cottage near Withypool, in Somerset



A fine horseman himself, Mr. Munnings has for many years specialised in pictures of horses and sporting scenes in England. During the last war he was employed as a war artist by the Canadian Government





Some Players and Spectators at the England v. Scotland Rugby International

D. R. Stuart

Capt. R. E. Prescott (England) and Capt. J. A. Waters (Scotland) captained the rival teams when England beat Scotland by 27 points to 15 at Leicester

Major "Jock" Wemyss watched the game with Lt.-Col. G. B. Dryden, secretary of the Scottish Command Rugby Committee, who wore a sprig of white heather for luck

Three members of the Scottish team were Capt. J. R. S. Innes (Aberdeen G.S.F.P.), Capt. H. G. Uren (Glasgow Academicals), and Capt. W. H. Munro (Glasgow H.S.F.P.)

F/Lt. Eric Grant, R.N.Z.A.F., the Scottish three-quarter, is engaged to Mrs. Megan Wilkie, daughter of a well-known Welsh Rugby player, Mr. E. J. Thomas

## Pictures in the Fire

(Continued)

in undue optimism in view of the mammoth size of the operations which are impending. Mr. Adair Dighton's task has been onerous, as I think I know, but his list is most interesting. Space forbids its publication in full, so I must confine my predations to just a few, and I commend the following names to the young students, after they have read the guiding note which follows this one. So here goes: Orestes No. 21 and No. 14, Bruce-Lowe's figures; Happy Landing No. 1 and No. 19; Fair Fame No. 14 and No. 15; Effervescence No. 3 and No. 22; Tudor Maid No. 10 and No. 6; Fair Glint No. 8 and No. 6; Vigorous No. 8 and No. 4; Lady Wyn No. 10 and No. 2; Gustator No. 1 and No. 9; Blue Moon No. 22 and No. 20; Rockefeller No. 7 and No. 6; Ruthless No. 7 and No. 6. The second number in each case refers to the sire's family. Now for a few clues.

### What They Mean

BRUCE-LOWE placed the various original mares in the order 1, 2, 3, etc., according to the degree of success their descendants in the female line had attained as winners, or the dams of winners, in the three big classic races, Derby, Oaks and Leger; and he then worked things out like this: that Families 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 represented the highest degree of vital force, i.e., racing capacity, and he called these his "Racing Lines." All of them, bar No. 3, were deficient in sire blood. Note: In the few that I've picked it may be observed that only Effervescence is a No. 3, but his papa's family is No. 22. His sire is Mr. Jinks (lines back to The Tetrarch and Roi Herode), but his mama was by the Leger winner Solario, so what he loses on the swings he wins on the roundabouts, and, after all, he did win the longest-distanced two-year-old race, the Dewhurst. To proceed. After having sorted out these families which he called "Racing Lines," Bruce-Lowe proceeded to list what he called "Sire Lines," i.e., those strongest in male blood, and these are the figures at which he arrived: Nos. 3,

8, 11, 12 and 14. Note: Fair Glint, narrowly and rather unluckily beaten in the Dewhurst by Effervescence, is a No. 8: he is by Hyperion (Derby and Leger winner No. 6 family) out of Maiden Fair by Fairway, who was out of Maid of Perth, who won the Ascot Gold Vase. If this is not a staying pedigree, then I do not think I have ever seen one. Yet they say that he may not get much more than 1½ miles. I am content to wait and see. I think that probably he will win the Derby; but then that is a purely personal opinion. His lack of inches is against him. I hope that these few examples will help the enthusiast to understand how Bruce-Lowe worked things out. They have not always turned out his way, but that is another story. Unfortunately, it is impossible to do that which it was intended to do and enlarge upon this system, of breeding from the distinguished ladies, but it must be held over till next week owing to pressure of pictures. The French *Jument Base* theory is worked out upon much the same scheme as our own. They selected a number of mares they called "established," and did not worry much about the sires.



Watching the England-Scotland Rugby Match that Raised £3,560 for War Charities

D. R. Stuart

Officials of the Leicester R.F.C. and interested spectators of the match were Mr. K. L. Bedingfield, treasurer, and Mr. Eric Thorniloe, secretary, who is an ex-"Tiger"

Two players for England against Scotland were F/Lt. R. G. Weighill (Waterloo and the R.A.F.) and Capt. F. Gilbert (Coventry). There were 18,000 spectators at the match

S/Ldr. D. Maskell, G/Capt. G. S. O. O'Malley, and F/Lt. H. G. Messer came with a party of doctors from a rehabilitation hospital to see the Rugby international

Col. C. D. Aarvold, the Cambridge and England player, and Air/Cdre. Beamish brought Gen. Strickland, U.S.A., to see his first Rugger match. He comes from Alabama



The School's 120-Yards Hurdles was won by the Hon. Caryl Cavendish (nearest the camera), with J. Rudd second



J. R. Chichester-Constable was the winner of the Quarter-Mile

## End-of-Term Sports at Eton

Finals Run on the Famous Playing-Fields



Half-Mile winner was Cove, whose time was 2 mins. 23 secs.



Blake won the Long Jump with 19 ft. 2½ ins.



Lady Kenmare made one of her first appearances since the death of her husband, so well known as journalist Viscount Castlerosse. She is with her son of a former-marriage, the Hon. Caryl Cavendish



A famous Olympic runner, Major B. G. D. Rudd, saw his son, John, run second to Cavendish in the 120 Yards. He is with John and R. Rudd



Young Hamish Monro found a good spot for sight-seeing on his father's shoulder; he is the son of Col. Monro, of the 5th Cameron Highlanders



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Roving Assignment

**G**EORGE RODGER, who now gives us *Desert Journey* (Cresset Press; 15s.), is the ideal writer about travel—travel, let us be clear, as it is to-day. The world he describes is no longer a succession of playgrounds opening themselves to the fortunate globe-trotter, and linked by a system of speedy and safe routes; it is mapped into different battle zones, between which extend mined roads, bombable railways, perilous seas. Communication and transport, to put it briefly, are difficult. Most interiors are dark, all frontiers dangerous. To cross a continent is an enterprise that would have given the most intrepid of the early explorers to think twice. One need hardly state that to-day's journeys are necessary: there are few who would undertake them purely for fun.

I ask myself whether much of the freshness and unspoiled impressionism of Mr. Rodger's writing may not come from his being a war photographer, not a war correspondent. Attached, in this capacity, to *Life* magazine, it is his job to get pictures, not to reason why. He does not, which I like, appear to regard himself as having any particular mission, other than the obtaining, and prompt despatch to New York, of more and more of his quite superb photographs. Unlike many correspondents, he has no case to make; nor need he take up time in showing how right he was. His likes and dislikes are those of the private man. "Although," he says, "in the course of my travels I visited several battle zones, the book is more a saga of travel than a chronicle of war. In it I make no attempt at analysis—no attempt to comment on the strategy of the various campaigns, to criticise the past or foretell the future. I write only of what I saw."

This is rare—one might wish there were more of it. In his first book, *Red Moon Rising*, Mr. Rodger gave proof of the excellence of his visual method: its contents have stayed in my memory, as no doubt in yours. *Desert Journey* confirms my impression that nothing by Mr. Rodger should be missed; it tells of the decisions, the contretemps and the fantastic risks attendant on a roving assignment. The photographer, at one point in his journey, was informed (with a degree of official coldness) that he had entered Africa by the back door: it was certainly not official, and it is not usual, to have taken a desert route across that continent as a rather vaguely accredited "Mission de Reportage," with an hysterical French Baron, two uncertain Chevrolets, three or four faithful, but ignorant, native servants, some tin trunks, some cases of champagne (property of the Baron), a raving mad guide (soon lost) and the camera. The inspired insanity of the journey seems a continuation of the original voyage: Mr. Rodger, setting sail from Glasgow at the height of the 1940 blitz, in a blockade-runner, was to arrive in French

West Africa three weeks later, via Iceland and Labrador. Within less than a year he was to reach the Fighting French in the manner shown, also to travel in Abyssinia, Eritrea, Libya, Egypt, Syria, Transjordan, to make a flying trip to the North-West Frontier, then to sit down to Christmas dinner in Benghazi.

## Variety

"**D**ESERT JOURNEY" is not only fresh and exciting; it has often the merit of being extremely funny. The Baron, as here depicted, was such a joy to me that I was not consoled for some time when he had quitted the scene. The Baron enjoyed (literally) the reputation of being a reckless driver; and this, happily for Mr. Rodger's purpose, he was ready to go to any lengths (thousands of miles, in fact) to sustain. Less fortunate was his passion for shopping, paying calls, making wide detours to see to his private affairs and indulging in a little high-class looting, when Mr. Rodger's sole and impassioned wish was to get to battles in time to photograph them. The conflict between the two gives us some comedy passages of the first order. I could also have done with more of the mad guide.

Even apart from those two worthies, *Desert Journey* is a social, as well as military, kaleidoscope. The El Fashar races, with those chiffon-garbed English ladies and those gay strains of the Sudan Defence Force band, could hardly, in their context, be more dreamlike. Nor could that sumptuous high tea, served by the warrior Malik Samand Khan on the North-West Frontier, with "God Bless our home" in gold



Johnson, Oxford

## Book Week at Oxford

Lady Tweedsmuir opened the proceedings for the Red Cross and St. John Book Week at Oxford. She is the widow of the late Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada and the noted author, John Buchan. She lives at Elsfield Manor, Oxford

on the flowered teapot; nor could the luxury plage-life of Tel Aviv. A feeling for bizarre contrast is Mr. Rodger's forte. He is also good at describing embarrassments—that of being ceremonially presented with a large, live sheep, of being surrendered to, while padding along quietly with his camera, by five determined Italians, of being unable to ignore the unwifely behaviour, behind the Sultan's back, of the Sultan's principal wife. And his sense of beauty

is not less than his sense of comedy and of character: sometimes he gives the enchantment of still untouched places, sometimes the poignancy of the war-ruined Eden—such as that apricot orchard outside Damascus, in which bombs interrupted an evening bathe, which malevolent armoured vehicles crashed through. *Desert Journey*, like *Red Moon Rising*, abounds in flowers, trees, water, colour and light, and in the dignified rhythm of native life. What the camera could not capture, the pen has. The seventy-eight photographs in this book show Mr. Rodger to be, first of all, a photographer. Writing is no more than the second string to his bow, but it is a remarkable second string.

## Would You Take This On?

"**O**N THE EDGE OF THE SEA," by F. L. Green (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is another example of that, to my mind, best type of novel this war has produced—the novel in which world events overlap on private behaviour. Perhaps, however, to classify is a reviewer's bad habit: Mr. F. L. Green's work owes nothing to any group: *On the Edge of the Sea* is original, as it is vital, and should be judged alone.

Here we have characters, business people in a prosperous English provincial

# CARAVAN CAUSERIE

**I**HAVE recently visited several exhibitions of modern pictures,

By Richard King

mostly in the charitable cause of this and that. Now, although I entirely disagree with those Royal Academicians who have expostulated against these exhibitions as being subversive not only to Art but also to morals, I do often wish that modern artists gave a brief précis of their ideas, their intentions, the *modus operandi* underlying their work. I hate to stare at a picture and still remain puzzled. I hate to remain ignorant, believing that some small explanation might supply me with the key to knowledge. I may belong to the Old School, but I like to think I am still at school and still eager to learn. Even if I were only treated as a child, I should still respond with a child's gratitude. I want to understand. Enjoying pictures only second to music, I feel that some small explanatory matter would relieve me of the tension of feeling flummoxed. I want to get at the idea behind the form, especially if the form flummoxes my ideas.

Take two recent examples, for instance. One, a house, drawn out of all perspective, coloured indigo blue with splashes of brightest orange, placed in the foreground of a scene representing a mixture of forked lightning and Reckitt's Blue, jabbed by a lustreless star. The other, the Portrait of a Girl, whose almost cretinous visage was painted in brightest mauve and pink. Unquestioningly she was suffering from facial paralysis down

the left side; her face was without the least intelligent expression and aided in no way by the fact that her two eyes, on different levels, stared at one with all the meaningless vacancy of cheap glass. As the portrait of a deformed idiot it was superb, but alas! it carried the title of "Dreaming Youth." One felt the poor girl must be a nightmare to her neighbourhood.

Now, these two pictures held important positions in the gallery. I was convinced they must mean something—beyond my ken at the moment, perhaps, but definitely within the artists' inner vision. I yearned to know what that vision might be. I felt some explanation was due to me. One cannot criticise where one cannot understand. And I wanted to understand. I don't demand of any picture that it should simply give pleasure. Those pretty paintings of dreary Victorian lineage which tell a story or pose a problem are, in my Philistine eyes, only targets for the jam-pot. Nevertheless, there is so much in modern art which requires explanation, and I, for one, would listen eagerly. It annoys me when Youth acts without explanation, or when Age explains without having acted. A heart-to-heart talk makes progress so much easier. So I suggest that painters of the advanced school let us into the mental theory behind so much of their work. It is so baulking only to grasp the evolutionary significance of Yesterday when To-day is leaping forward towards To-morrow.



Waring — Smyth

Major Roy Waring, Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment, elder son of Col. and Mrs. Waring, of Meadowside, Tunbridge Wells, married Miss Pamela Smyth, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Smyth, of Colwell, Honiton, Devon, at Offwell Parish Church



Peters — Shand

F/Lt. John F. H. Peters, son of Dr. and Mrs. Peters, of Hilton House, Hilton, Huntingdonshire, and Miss Margaret M. Shand, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Shand, of Nortonbury, Hertford, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



Rutherford — Hardie

Capt. Gideon G. Rutherford, Seaforth Highlanders, elder son of Major and Mrs. G. C. Rutherford, of Proncy, Dornoch, and Miss Mary Lindsay Hardie, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Hardie, of Giffnock, Glasgow, were married at Kinclaven Church, Perthshire

## Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's"  
Review of Weddings



Foord-Kelcey — Richards

Left: W/Cdr. Alick Foord-Kelcey, A.F.C., R.A.F., son of the late W. B. Foord-Kelcey, M.C., and Mrs. Foord-Kelcey, of Little Gaddesden, Herts, married Miss Audrey Richards, daughter of the late A. P. Richards and Mrs. Richards, of 14, Regent's Court, N.W., at St. Mary-le-Strand



Brockway — Harris

Mr. Michael Gordon Brockway, adopted son of Mrs. E. C. Snagge, of Hawksford Farm, Fernhurst, Sussex, married Miss Margaret Mary Harris, elder daughter of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Harris, of The Cloisters, Windsor Castle, at St. George's Chapel, Windsor Castle



Langley — Paulet King

Capt. James C. Langley, The King's Royal Rifle Corps, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Langley, of The Manor House, Petersham, Surrey, and Miss Aline Stephanie Paulet King, younger daughter of Brig. and Mrs. Paulet King, of Cheltenham, were married at St. George's, Hanover Square



## ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 9)

10th Hussars, on March 20th. Mrs. Grenfell is the only daughter of Sir Francis and Lady James and the widow of Major the Hon. Arthur Grenfell, Lord Grenfell's only brother, who was also in the 10th Hussars and was killed on active service in 1942. The second marriage in the family was Lady Grenfell's cousin, Lord Shaughnessy, who married Miss Mary Whitley, a subaltern in the A.T.S., whose home is at Letchworth. Lord Shaughnessy is in the Canadian Grenadier Guards, and thus is following in his father's footsteps, for the late Lord Shaughnessy was in the 19th Canadian Infantry during the last war. In peacetime the Shaughnessy home is in Montreal. I saw Lord Grenfell's wife, looking very pretty, hatless and wearing a summer ermine coat, lunching with friends in London the other day. The Grenfells have a young son and daughter, and Lady Grenfell has been giving what time she can spare from her young family to part-time work in a factory.

## Here and There

IN London, after six years' absence, is His Excellency Jonkheer V. F. Van Lennep, the Netherlands Minister to South Africa, who is staying at the May Fair. H.E., who is a fine-looking man in the early forties, is a cousin of Jonkheer C. Van Lennep, the former Davis Cup player, who is now in Switzerland. He finds our black-out difficult to get used to after the complete absence of any such restrictions at his home in Pretoria. Also at the May Fair recently I met young Jean Kent, the new Gainsborough actress, who plays a prominent part in the film of Michael Sadleir's best-seller, *Fanny by Gaslight*, in which Phyllis Calvert is the star and which is soon to have its premiere presentation in the West End. With her was Lt. George Prowse, head of the Legal Department of the United States Navy in this country, and Lt. Bernard Spilsbury, Sir Bernard's youngest son, whose wounds, unfortunately, do not allow him to enjoy any such relaxations as dancing. He is very shortly, I hear, to undergo yet another operation. Making one of his rare visits to London was Major James Stewart, world-famous film-star, who now commands a bomber squadron. Major Stewart has been on several trips to Germany, and the other pilots in his party were all Fortress veterans who have helped to smash Berlin in recent daylight raids.



Mrs. Michael Menzies and Her Daughter Victor Hey

The wife of Capt. Michael Menzies, Welsh Guards, was formerly Miss Kay Stammers, the famous British tennis champion. Her baby daughter, Virginia Victoria, is nearly six months old



Left: Five-weeks-old Anthony James Stancomb was christened recently at Llangham Church, Essex. He is seen here with his parents and his elder brother, Charles

Douglas Went

Major and Mrs. Stancomb and Their Sons

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 22)

city, who might not normally look outside the circle of their own profit, security and pleasures. The time of the story is immediately pre-war—June 1939. A heat-wave has struck the city; everybody feels feverish and geared up; latent animosities, loves, suspicions, come to the surface. Where Mr. Foss is concerned, the heat-wave is the last straw: it coincides with a crisis of his affairs—or, rather, in an affair of frightening proportions that, outside his own business, he has taken on. Mr. Foss, a respectable, middle-aged man, has, as it is to appear shortly, been tempted into a plot to shoot Hitler. As head of a wealthy firm of exporters, it has been his custom to make trips to Berlin to see the firm's agent there. In the course of such a visit, last February, he was confronted, and staggered, by a proposition: Von Pless (the English firm's agent) and his associates prove to be members of a militant anti-Nazi organisation; they offer Foss an imposing sum, to be conveyed to him in the most discreet manner, if he will find and hire an Englishman to step across to Germany with a gun. Hitler's death at this juncture, the plotters are convinced, would at once free Germany and avert the coming war.

Foss detests danger, but loves money; his hesitations are agonising. Back home his partners' advice that he should not touch the matter arouse his obstinacy. He finds his man—Jey, a strange, seedy but decent soldier of fortune—fixes his price, and tells him to stand ready. Now, this June day, right at the height of the heat-wave, Von Pless's emissary, one Rennenburg (whom Foss has not yet seen), is to arrive from Berlin with the final orders. Zero hour approaches. But there are complications: Kelpy, a junior in Foss's firm, and Collis, a seedy accountant, both play their parts. A warning letter to Foss has been intercepted; a man called Rennenburg has arrived in the city, but is he the right man or a Gestapo agent; are Von Pless and the others now in Gestapo hands?

The intense and sustained excitement of *On the Edge of the Sea* derives from conflict of conscience, as much as action. What should the misguided young Kelpy do? How far is Foss animated by sheer greed, or how far by a glimmer of the crusading spirit? Can murder, even of Hitler, be justified? . . . Foss's pretty, treacherous young wife, Tilly, comes largely into the picture, for the mystery German spends three days in the Fosses' home and her company, as a guest. An outbreak of sinister "accidents" begins to threaten the lives of everyone in this group: in the apparent safety of this provincial city, several men are soon walking hag-ridden with fear. The denouement I must not reveal. Mr. Green is equipped as a novelist with, apart from a daring imagination, deep sense of character, knowledge of city ways and a sure, swift, quiet, dramatic style.

## Light Verse

IT is, I suppose, impossible not to quarrel a little with the contents of any anthology—why did he leave that out, why did he put this in? In the main, however, I found *The English Book of Light Verse*, chosen by Guy Boas (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.), good value. Light verse must be a difficult art—it has to steer its way between nonsense, on the one hand, doggerel on the other. The avoidance of out-and-out nonsense may have accounted for Mr. Boas's (I thought) rather disappointing selections from Lear and Lewis Carroll. As he begins with Chaucer and closes with our contemporaries, his range is wide—Shakespeare, Donne, Ben Jonson, Herrick, Milton, Dryden, Swift, Pope, Goldsmith, Cowper, Coleridge, Byron, Tennyson, Browning have, from their large mines, been made to yield up small gems. But the minor poets, in this context, seem to do better—adroitness, whim and a sceptical attitude must be necessities for light verse. Skelton, Sir John Suckling, Matthew Prior, Hood, Peacock and Calverley come out particularly well. I was delighted to trace the famous "Treasure" couplet to Sir John Harrington; and I regretted that "Miss Ellen Gee of Kew" was anonymous. Thackeray came out top (as far as I was concerned) with "Little Billee" and "The Sorrows of Werther." Peacock's "War Song of Dinas Vawr" left me humming happily through an air raid:

The mountain sheep are sweeter,  
But the valley sheep are fatter;  
We therefore deemed it meet  
To carry off the latter.

Mr. Boas, rightly, has not been shy of some old favourites. *The English Book of Light Verse* would make a good present for the man going abroad.

## Cliffs and Crime

AS its title suggests, *4-Ply Yarn*, by Miles Burton (Crime Club; 8s. 6d.), has a plot interwoven of different elements. The scene is the West Country sea-coast, where an attractive W.R.E.N. is spending a leave with her aunts, a photographer's wife proves flighty, and a man with a padded head and a vociferous ham actor are at large. Noel Merriem investigates mysterious sinkings, and Inspector Arnold, brought to the spot by two murders, pursues his steady way.

## El Greco

"EL GRECO: The Purification of the Temple" (Percy Lund, Humphries; 4s. 6d.), is number two of "The Gallery Books"—an excellent new series designed to invite a closer study and more complete comprehension of individual masterpieces of art. Here an Introduction by Enriqueta Harris leads up to the twenty-three illustrations: a photograph of the whole great National Gallery painting is followed by close-ups of the detail—figures in action, gestures, draperies, hands.

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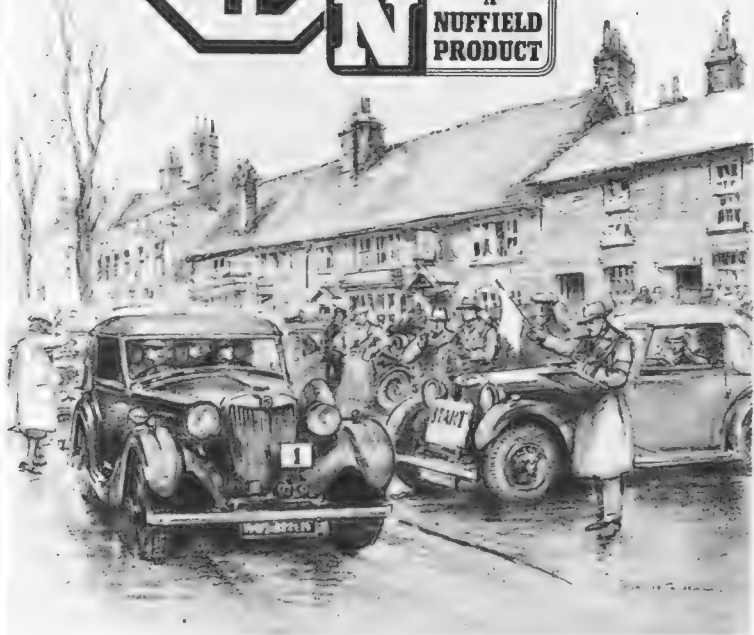


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# BUBBLE & SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THE young N.C.O. was being interviewed by the War Office O.C.T.U. Board.

"What coloured chinagraph pencil do you use for marking enemy positions?" he was asked.

"Blue, sir," said the candidate, correctly.

"Good, and what colour do you use for marking enemy patrols?"

"Blue, sir."

"Good again," said the member of the board who was asking the questions. "And what colour do you use for our own troops?"

"Blue, sir."

"What?"

"Blue, sir," insisted the candidate. "It's the only colour I've got."

The N.C.O. got through.

THERE had been one or two stormy scenes during the match, the visiting team apparently disagreeing with the referee's decisions.

As the two teams went off the field, one of the home players remarked:—

"Fancy you being licked! And we were playing a man short, too!"

"Man short nothing!" snapped one of the visitors. "You'd ten players and a referee, hadn't you?"

THE sergeant was trying to train an awkward squad of recruits.

"Shun! About turn!" he roared. Then, as he viewed the hopeless mix-up, he went on: "As you were!"

Most of them shuffled into the last position, but Private Jones stood still, looking vacantly ahead.

"You!" snapped the sergeant. "I said 'As you were!'"

"I 'eard, sarge," replied Jones unhappily, "but 'ow were I?"

TWO young men at a big function made a bet that the host and hostess were so tired of murmuring appropriate phrases that they took in very little of what was said to them. One of the young men determined to prove his point. As he reached the distinguished couple he bowed, took the extended hand, and said: "I murdered your mother this morning!"

"Very glad to meet you!" said the host, beaming the set beam. "This is my wife—"

The daring young man scarcely had time to straighten his face before he bowed over the hostess's hand.

"I murdered your father!" he said.

"Most kind!" murmured the tired woman.

"Charming of you!"

ONE of the Royal Australian Air Force training stations is set in the heart of rich pastoral country that includes some of the best properties in the Commonwealth. So trainees making their first solo flights are advised—unofficially: "If you get lost land alongside the best-looking homestead you can see. You might do yourself a bit of all right."

The other day a young man acted on this advice, making his landing near a large house standing in well-kept grounds, walked up to the front door, and rang the bell. It was answered by a trim-looking maid.

"Sorry to bother you, but can you tell me where I am?" he asked hopefully.

"Certainly," said the maid. "This is the — Mental Home."



## J. B. Priestley Visits Ealing Studios

"They Came to a City" which ran with such success at the Globe Theatre last year is now being filmed at Ealing. Googie Withers (left), the leading lady of the play, is also starring in the film. She is seen with the author, Mr. J. B. Priestley, talking over the script with Mr. Basil Dearden, who is directing

THIS is an American hunting yarn:—

The members of a hunting party had been specifically requested to bring only male hounds. One member, however, owned only a bitch hound, and, of courtesy was finally permitted to include her. The pack was off in a flash. In a matter of seconds the were completely out of sight. The confused hunter stopped to question a farmer in a nearby field. "Do you see some hounds go by here?"

"Yep," said the farmer.

"See where they went?"

"Nope," was the reply, "but it was the first time I ever see a fox runnin' fifth!"

DURING the course of a "medical" a man was pushed into a bath chair. The doctors all conferred together for some minutes, and then the chief medical officer remarked briskly: "Oil his wheels and push him fit."

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I think:  
"Ah—



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# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

## Drift Landing

THE ordinary aircraft, when landing and taking off, is like the fat old woman who, when she got jammed up in the entrance of the crowded bus, was adjured by the conductor to go sideways, and who replied: "I ain't got no sideways." In other words the ordinary aircraft must land direct. It cannot land sideways because its main undercarriage wheels are fixed to point along approximately the line of flight.

The beauty of the MacLaren undercarriage is that the wheels are adjustable and the aircraft can indeed land sideways. With the wind blowing across the runway it can set its wheels along the runway, can face partly into the wind, and can then land in a sort of crabwise motion wherein drift is cancelled out and there is no cross load on the undercarriage. The scheme was mentioned in Parliament near the beginning of the war, and those who knew were extremely interested in it because it offered the opportunity of providing aerodromes which were nothing other than straight runways. Any straight piece of road, for example, could be a complete aerodrome capable of use in all wind conditions for aircraft equipped with the MacLaren drift undercarriage. The experiments that were made in high winds showed that the inventor's claims were fully justified. Aircraft with this undercarriage could indeed land when strong winds were blowing dead across the runway. They could take off in similar conditions. Obviously there was a slight weight increase in the undercarriage itself to allow for the steerable arrangements, but it was not, I believe, as great as the weight increase which is incurred when an undercarriage is changed from the conventional main wheels and tail wheel type to the tricycle type. I feel that in peace time this undercarriage would probably have had considerable success. But in war it was held up a great deal and its development was inordinately slow. Meanwhile, what might be called the more "brutal" methods of competing with drift at landing were having greater and greater success. Wing loadings were going up to such an extent that it became less important to be precisely into wind on

landing. All these things contributed to reducing the intrinsic value of the drift undercarriage.

Nevertheless the idea is a remarkably ingenious one and is worthy of full appreciation. Moreover it may be that in the future it will find some kind of perhaps limited application. It is conceivable, for example, that owners of private aeroplanes may want them to be so equipped that they can work them from single landing strips. They may want to be able to be independent of wind direction when they are coming down, and when they are taking off. If that occurs, this kind of undercarriage will find its special field.

Another special field might be the feeder machine or comparatively small size transport aircraft intended for dealing with terminal communications. Here, again, it is desirable that the aircraft should not be too closely tied to large, fully equipped airports. It should be capable of being used at small airports with perhaps few runways. It would be even better if it could be used on any straight strip of hard, level ground. Perhaps its scope in military flying is limited as a result of progress in other directions, but its scope in civil flying should still be considerable.

## History

THE A.T.C. or Air Training Corps is so universally admired and so universally praised that it is worth recalling its origins. They go back to the starting by the Air League in 1935 of the Young Pilot's Fund to give financial help to young people wanting to learn to fly. And then, in 1938, the Air Defence Cadet Corps was established, and in 1939 it had a membership of 20,000. It was not until 1941 that the Air Ministry took over this Cadet Corps and renamed it the Air Training Corps. These points are worth recalling



F/O "Nicky" Varanand

The former Prince Varanand of Siam, now known as Flying Officer Nicky Varanand, is at present flying in a R.A.F. Spitfire squadron. He is one of the very few Siamese to gain his wings

because it is important that we should give credit where credit is due and should not always assume that we owe these excellent organizations to the Government departments which finally control them. It was, of course, the Air Defence Cadet Corps that was prevented by the present Home Secretary from doing its training in certain buildings under the control of the London County Council. How opinions and actions change! At one time all who sought to prepare young men for entry into the Royal Air Force were war-mongers. A few years later they are saviours of the country.

## Prediction Unlimited

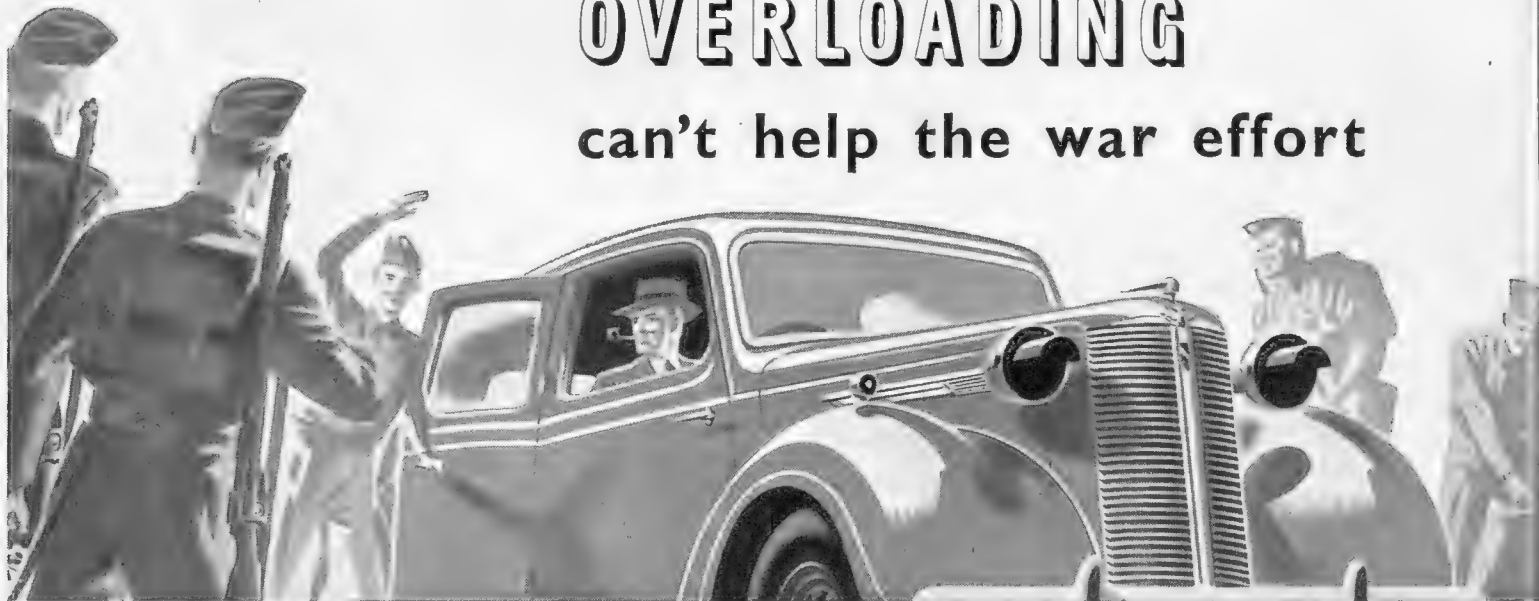
IT would be against all known customs for me to predict that aviation is destined for a temporary slump directly the war is over. More in line with custom would be a prediction that "world travel in huge clippers will be within the reach

of the average man after the war, with one-day services to China or Australia, at less than one half former rates. Believe it or not, that is a quotation from a statement by Mr. Juan T. Trippe, than whom few people know more about air transport. Who is right? The pessimist who foresees an aeronautical slump or the optimist who sees luxury air travel for all? I leave it to the judgment of my readers, but I must introduce one cautionary remark. It is this. When luxury air travel is brought within the reach of all, will all want luxury air travel? My own experiences of air travel are that it is on the whole, slightly less comfortable than other forms of travel and that the customs authorities are slightly less polite (if that is possible) and that the catering is slightly less good. Air transport's real contribution is the saving of time. But whether time is worth saving or not, depends upon the kind of life and living conditions that occur after the war.

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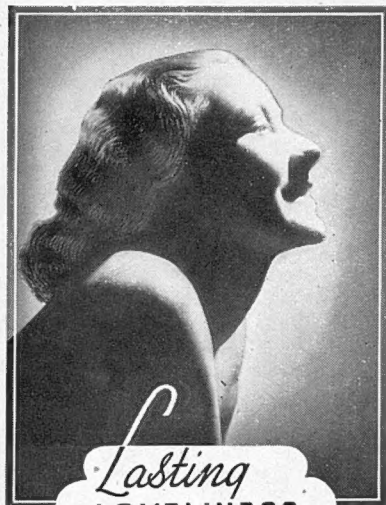
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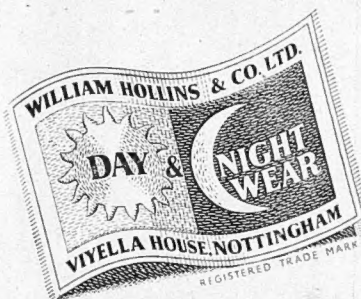


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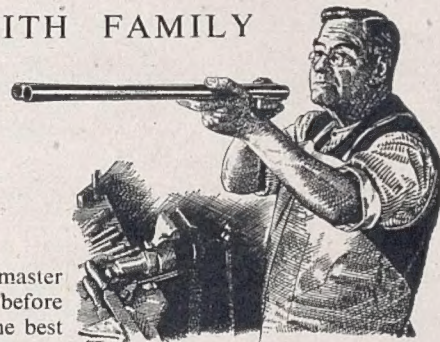
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